

# Southern Agricultural Topics.

## Modern Methods That Are Helpful to Farmer, Fruit Grower and Stockman.

### Onions, Then Collards.

For a number of years I have been very successful raising a crop of onions and then following with collards the same year. This is my plan:

Late in winter I haul and spread stable manure on my onion ground, then break thoroughly; early in March I harrow ground till smooth, then lay off in rows with shovel plow two feet apart; apply fertilizer at the rate of 1000 pounds per acre. I mix equal parts of acid phosphate, sixteen per cent. kainit and cottonseed meal, also ten pounds of nitrate of soda to each 100 of others; run small sweep through row to mix fertilizer, then throw two furrows on row. I then split this ridge open with a long, narrow scoter, which leaves a good furrow to set onions in.

I place sets four inches apart and cover with either hand, hoe or little turner or a patent garden plow. After onions are planted from one week to ten days and are coming up, I rake off top of rows with hand rake, cultivate close to rows with garden plow and rake and hoe, plow with small scoter and sweep. I find I can handle this better than a larger cultivator in the narrow rows. When onions are about one-half grown I give a light dressing of fertilizer alongside of row and work in. At the last working I see that the soil is slightly removed from around onions. In gathering for market to sell as green bunch onions, I pull all double onions and every other onion. By this plan I always raise a splendid crop that pays well.

In May I sow improved collard seed and have strong plants ready when I take off onions. Break ground again, open rows three feet apart, apply same fertilizer at rate of 500 pounds per acre; mix with soil. Throw back two furrows, harrow down ridge and set plants two feet apart, hoe and cultivate several times. I have fine collards ready for market by middle of September and sell until spring or killed by freezing.—Karl G. Daly.

### To Make Sweet Potatoes on Rich Land.

If you plant sweet potatoes on land where a crop of peas grew last summer, you will not need to use any nitrogenous fertilizer, but only a liberal application of acid phosphate and potash. Sometimes we hear complaints that soil is too rich for sweet potatoes and that they run to vines. It is not the fertility of the soil, but the lack of balance. In an old garden that has been manured for years there will be an excess of nitrogen in proportion to the phosphoric acid and potash that potatoes need, and you can grow fine sweet potatoes in the richest of land if you give liberally of the mineral elements to balance the plant food in the soil. Large and strong vines are essential to large crops, but the storage of starch in the roots and the making of fine potatoes depends upon the supply of phosphoric acid and potash present.

Therefore, I would not fear to use well rotted manure for sweet potatoes, provided at same time I supplement the manure with acid phosphate and sulphate of potash.—W. F. Massey.

### A Straw Carrier.

The handiest device I ever saw for carrying hay or straw was made as follows: Take a piece of sackcloth about nine feet long and four feet wide; put a three inch hem at both ends of this; slip a flat stick or slat in each end of hem and then tack the slats in place. Put a ring in one end and a cord and stick at the other.



Lay the carrier on the ground—open, then fill with hay or straw, bring the two ends together around the straw and button the stick in the ring. Swing the bundle on your back. With this enough straw can be carried at one time to bed eight or nine horses.—M. A. Peintner, in the Epitomist.

### Some Practical Rations.

Some rations which have been tested by dairymen in various parts of the country and found useful are suggested below; they can, of course, be modified to suit local conditions, and will need to be fed in accordance with the individual needs of the dairy cow:

1. Corn silage 40 to 50 pounds, clover hay 5 pounds, timothy hay 5 pounds, wheat bran 3 pounds, corn meal 3 pounds, linseed or cottonseed meal 1 pound;
2. Corn silage 40 to 50 pounds,

clover hay 6 pounds, wheat bran 10 pounds, cottonseed meal 2 to 3 pounds.

3. Corn silage 30 to 40 pounds, fodder corn (with ears) 12 to 15 pounds, bran 4 pounds, corn meal 4 pounds, oats 4 pounds.

4. Corn silage 30 pounds, clover hay 6 to 8 pounds, fodder corn (with ears) 5 to 8 pounds, oats or wheat straw 2 pounds, bran 4 pounds, cottonseed meal 4 pounds, mixed hay 5 pounds, oats 1 pound.

5. Corn silage 30 to 40 pounds, cowpea hay 8 to 10 pounds, bran 5 pounds, corn meal 4 pounds, cottonseed meal 4 pounds, mixed hay 5 pounds, oats 1 pound.

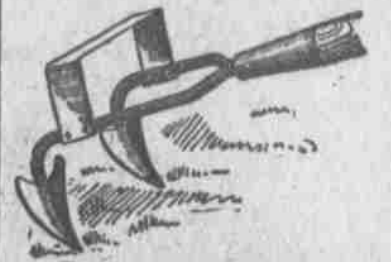
6. Corn fodder (with ears) 20 pounds, shorts 4 pounds, cottonseed meal 3 pounds.

7. Timothy or mixed hay 10 pounds, soy beans, clover or cowpea hay 10 pounds, bran 5 pounds, oats 5 pounds, cottonseed meal 2 pounds.

8. Corn silage 30 pounds, alfalfa or soy bean hay 12 to 15 pounds, wheat bran 4 pounds, corn meal 4 pounds, cottonseed meal 2 pounds.

### A Simple Garden Implement.

The man who raises his own vegetables should be interested in the simple implement shown in the accompanying drawing. It consists of a combined hoe or cultivator and weeder. The implement is attached to a wooden handle substantially like that of a hoe. It comprises a metal socket fitted with two diverging rods,



which terminate in cultivator teeth of arrow-head outline. These are bent downward as shown. Secured to the two rods is a blade, which may be used for weeding. The operator thus has two tools at his command, either one of which may be brought into use by merely turning the handle of the implement.—Scientific American.

### The Poultry Yard.

When selling spring chickens, remember that early hatched pullets make the best winter layers. But a pullet can be hatched so early that she will molt like an old hen and be as tardy about beginning to lay.

The kind of weather is now here when all poultry needs shade, and young chicks cannot take care of themselves so well in this regard as old birds can. See that there is shade convenient to where they stay most of the time.

It is easy to stuff lazy hens with feed till they are too fat to lay, while they might have rolled out the eggs all right if they had had less feed and had been compelled to exercise in scratching it out of litter.

Do not make chickens lay or roost in houses that do not have ample ventilation in summer. Get the hot air out of the house and let the vigor of the chickens be turned to some good service instead of resisting uncomfortable conditions.

Do not get discouraged if the hatch you were putting so much reliance in did not turn out well. The sun cannot shine for us all the time. Instead of becoming discouraged, try another setting and do everything practical to make a success with it.

If hens with chicks are on a lawn where the grass is cut rather short, it is much better to scatter hard grain in the clean grass when it is dry and let them hunt it for exercise. They will get more fun out of it than a small boy gets out of wading in the mud.

Clean milk is a very superior poultry food, but dirty milk, whether dirt dropped into the milk or the milk was put into filthy vessels, may be poisonous.—Progressive Farmer.

### Make Every Farm a Little Kingdom.

The people who own the farms of this country may easily become the controlling power over commerce, finance and industry; but to do this they must first make themselves independent. The ideal farm is the one that includes a little kingdom within its own limits. There should be horses, cattle, hogs, chickens and an abundance of foodstuffs for man and beast. Every farmer should strive in this direction until he attains the end in view, free of debt. Then let him produce for market what he will. This is not a dream. It is a plain, practical proposition, and the easiest possible way to prosperity and success. And the prettiest thing about the idea is that the ideal can be obtained by any individual regardless of what other people do.—Yorkville Enquirer.

# SEX AND ETHER.

## Women Fear the Anaesthetic Less Than Men.

"Speaking broadly, I should say that women have less fear of death than men," said a surgeon of great experience. "I base this belief entirely upon my own observation, for I don't know what the theorists have to say about it. Women will undergo serious surgical operations with far less trepidation than men. If you are given to analysis you may account for this in any one of several ways. You may say, for example, that women are always in closer touch, so to speak, with death than are men. I refer to their bearing of children. You may say, again, that women are physically more obtuse than are men, and this is an established scientific fact. The average woman can endure a far greater amount of physical pain than the average man. You may contend, again, that women have less imagination than men, which causes them to regard death with less terror than do men. Well, this last fact hasn't been so well established. I am inclined to believe, though, that women really are less imaginative than men.

"But whatever be the nature of the prop that supports them, women surely approach the operating table with a great deal less of visible fear than do men. Probably I should not use the word 'visible' here, because if a woman is afraid of anything she will show it. A man, even when he is in deadly fear, hates to show fear, tries to cover it up. This reasoning brings the women even higher atop of the men in the matter of courage in approaching operations. The woman would show fear if fear obsessed her. The man fights against revealing his fear, and yet can't crowd it back. The great fundamental differences between men and women in their nervous and mental makeup are more clearly shown by their respective attitudes in approaching surgical operations than by any other method of comparison.

You will come upon a hundred inconsistencies, equally divided between the men and the women, in probing this matter. For example, the woman who at sight of a mouse will hop atop of a chair in a frenzy of hysteria or faint outright will undergo an operation in which she knows that she has something less than an even chance without turning a hair. A man of proved courage, who would take a chance on trying to pull the eyes out of a mountain lion with his naked hands, if it came to that, absolutely unafraid of anything in life, will become as invertebrate as a jellyfish and as whipped as a dog under a porch over the mere likelihood that he will have to subject himself to a comparatively harmless surgical operation. It's hard to strike averages between such widely divergent viewpoints. But it is a certainty that surgeons are sometimes almost led to believe that in some respects women and men are as far apart as any two planets you might name.

"If I had the time—which I never expect to have—I should like to investigate, in the scientific mood and manner, the actual underlying or over-riding reason why men have such a far greater dread of anaesthesia than women. That they do any surgeon will tell you. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred possess an inborn and ineradicable dread of surrendering their consciousness to the power of an anaesthetic. Indeed, most men really dread the anaesthetic more than they do the consequences of the operation. Even when the average man knows that the operation which requires him to submit himself to an anaesthetic is a comparatively trivial affair his whole mind rebels against the thought of the anaesthetic. Even when he is assured that his chances of coming out of the anaesthetic are about 9,999 in 10,000 he sticks to this dread. It is something which, apparently, he can't reason against. It is inherent, instinctive, an integral part of him. I have seen some of the strongest men—strongest mentally, I mean, and often physically, too—plunged to a state of abject, really pitiable spinelessness at the very suggestion of an anaesthetic.

"With women it is different. Don't take me as meaning to imply that women like anaesthetics, or, indeed, that they haven't actual fear of the effect of the anaesthetic, I should hate to get so far away from the mark as that. But women, while you'll commonly hear them give expression to the bromidium, 'I'm so afraid of ether,' or 'I hate to think of chloroform,' certainly possess no profound dread of anaesthesia that is in any way comparable to the man's dread of it. Women have a great facility for making up their minds about things, as may be your's noticed. They yield to the inevitable with a better grace than do men. When the woman plainly sees that there is no way out of it except for her to submit to an anaesthetic, why, that settles it with her. She makes up her mind to go through with it, and that's all there is about

it. Maybe it's a manifestation of and a reversion to the ancient law of feminine obedience. The man who's scheduled to take an anaesthetic fights the idea of the thing right up to the minute that he crawls or is lifted upon the table, and even after, he begins to inhale from the cone he is figuratively shaking his head about it and protesting against it away deep down in his midriff.

"Men who are booked to surrender themselves to an anaesthetic will worry and harass their medical men constantly with all sorts of extraordinary hearsay yarns and morbid theories of their own about the effects of anaesthetics. They'll relate stories of friends of theirs—or people they've read about, who've died under the effect of anaesthetics. When they catch sight of a newspaper headline, 'Died on the Operating Table,' they spread it out triumphantly before the doctor's eyes and invite him to just look at that, will he, and then say that there's no danger in properly administered anaesthetics! They never think of the thousands and thousands of cases every day in which anaesthetics are administered without the patients dying, or, indeed, ever being in the slightest danger of death. They cite the cases they read about or hear of, and then they burn up their nervous systems brooding over these isolated instances.

"Men, in brief, are more pig-headed than women. Take that from me. I am fully aware that the contrary view is the generally accepted one. But I utterly reject and repudiate the contrary view.

"I will cite you a little illustration by way of proof. Recently I was called in by a man who showed me a sort of pet of his. The pet was a recurring abscess. It was nothing very deadly, although he had allowed his fear of anaesthesia to prevent its elimination for altogether too long a time. I should have felt like smiling at this man's story of that abscess had he not been so tremendously nervous and worried. His abscess developed first eleven years ago. If he had drawn a little ether into his lungs at that time and allowed a surgeon to remove the thing, he'd never have been bothered by it again, but he hated anaesthesia. Therefore he would only permit his surgeon to lance the thing. It was a dermoid abscess, and, of course, it came back and resumed operations in time. He had it lanced twice again during the ensuing years. His medical men told him each time that the trouble never could be remedied until the abscess was completely removed, but that, to have it removed entirely, he would have to submit to an anaesthetic, else he wouldn't be able to stand the pain of the operation.

"When I told him, out of hand, that I wouldn't think of adding him to my list of patients if he would not permit the administration of an anaesthetic so that I could get at that abscess once for all and dispose of it it was almost comical to observe the man's grief and distress. It was the more comical because this man was a huge lummock of a hardy, rugged individual, with a body, barring that abscess, as sound as a bell of brass. Aesthetic business, he certainly had, and he told me all of them and all about them. Folks died under anaesthesia, a blamed sight oftener than they came out of it, and so on and so on, until I began to look at my watch. Then every ounce of him fighting me in advance, he told me that he'd take the anaesthetic—told me in a sort of my-blood-will-be-upon-your-head way—and the next day I brought the etherizing doctor and a nurse along, and the operation was performed at his home, and he'll never have another abscess in all human probability as long as he lives.

"Up to the last conscious gasp that man was agin me and all of my murderous kind. As a matter of fact, five minutes after he came out of the ether he was yelling for a cigarette, and he wasn't even sick at the stomach, as a good many other patients are. 'A cigarette,' said he, 'and a little more of that ether. I like it. New kind of a jag.' And wasn't he blithe and merry about it—after it was over! But I wouldn't remind him of what a sad figure he'd been cutting in the world for eleven years or so, going up and down his walks with an abscess fooling around in him that he could have been well rid of at first if he hadn't possessed that foolish prejudice against half an hour's voluntary unconsciousness. Now, it is perfectly certain that any woman equal in intelligence to this man would have submitted to an anaesthetic and had that abscess removed in the first place. That's only one reason why I am contending that men really are more pig-headed than women, and there are plenty of other reasons, if only I had time to cite them."—Washington Star.

### EXPLAINED.

"Hammer," asked a little girl, "why do bouillon cups have two handles?" "Well, you are stupid!" cried her young brother. "Don't you know it's because some people are left-handed?"—Harper's Weekly.

### ONE WOMAN'S ENDURANCE.

Southern Woman Suffers Torture For Years.

Racked and torn with terrific pains, mightily annoyed by kidney irregularities, Mrs. A. S. Payne, of 801 Third Ave., So., Columbus, Miss., suffered for years.

She says: "The pains in my back, sides and loins were so terrible that I often smothered a scream. Every move meant agony."

My rest was broken by a troublesome weakness and the secretions seemed to burn like acid. I was in an awful condition and doctors did not seem to help. Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me from the first and soon made me a strong and healthy woman."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

After the world is certain a man isn't going to give up his fortune, it stops fussing about how he managed to get it together.

Hicks' Capadine Cures Women's Monthly Pains, Backache, Nervousness and Headache. It's Liquid. Effects are immediate. Prescribed by physicians with best results. 10c, 25c, and 50c, at drug stores.

As soon as a man gets up in the world the chips who hadn't energy enough to do anything else start trying to pull him down.

SOFT CORNS BETWEEN THE TOES are often more painful than the hard ones on top. ABBOTT'S EAST INDIAN CORN PAIN will cure either kind, as well as bunions, skin callous spots and indurations of the skin. "It cures to stay cured." 15c. at drug stores or by mail. TAY ABBOTT CO., Savannah, Ga.

### Book Renting.

Book selling and book renting are often carried on side by side and under the same management, shopworn or soiled or second-hand books being relegated to the loan department of the business; but in a Philadelphia bookstore an attractive modification or reversal of this plan is in operation. On shelves accessible to the public there has been placed an inviting array of new books, in alphabetical order, and from this supply of fresh, clean "best-sellers" (and best-lenders) any person of good credit may borrow one volume or volumes as he desires at two cents a day for each, the minimum charge on each book thus loaned being six cents, or a three-day rental. With the first appearance of dog-eared and thumb-prints a book is transferred to the hurt-book counter, there to await a buyer, and a fresh copy takes its place on the loan-shelves if the demand for it still continues.—The Dial.

### Time and Eternity.

"On one occasion, when in congress," said James F. Banks, of Boston, "Gen. Benjamin Butler arose in his place and intimated that the member who occupied the floor was transgressing the limits of debate.

"Why, General," said the member, reproachfully, "you divided your time with me."

"I know I did," rejoined Butler, grimly, "but I didn't divide eternity with you."—Washington Herald.

### "TWO TOPERS."

#### A Teacher's Experience.

"My friends call me 'The Postum Preacher,'" writes a Miss school teacher, "because I preach the gospel of Postum everywhere I go, and have been the means of liberating many 'coffee-pot slaves.'"

"I don't care what they call me as long as I can help others to see what they lose by sticking to coffee, and can show them the way to a stronger nerve, clearer brain and general good health by using Postum.

"While a school girl I drank coffee and had fits of trembling and sick, through a stage of nervous prostration, which took me three years to rally from.

"Mother coaxed me to use Postum, but I thought coffee would give me strength. So things went, and when I married I found my husband and I were both coffee tapers and I sympathized with a drunkard who tries to leave off his cups.

"At last in sheer desperation I bought a package of Postum, followed directions about boiling it, served it with good cream, and asked my husband how he liked the coffee.

"We each drank three cups a day, and what a satisfied feeling it felt! Our conversation has lasted several years and will continue as long as we live, for it has made us so nervous are steady, appetites good, sleep sound and refreshing.

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," a book.

Ever read the above letter? I am one of those from time to time, that are genuine, true, and full of interest.